

1373

THE  
*K*  
RECANTATION

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Two ~~Senato~~rs.

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DUBLIN:

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Printed in the Year, MDCCLIV.

THE  
RECAUTION

DIALOGUE

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DUBLIN

Printed in the Year MDCCCLXV



THE

# Recantation, &c.

**T**HE Game is up and we are routed,  
*B——b's in and B——e is outed:*  
*B——b to Castle goes in State,*  
*In Dudgeon B——e to rusticate,*  
The P——e too in Triumph stands,  
With smiling Face, and open Hands,  
Dispensing Favours and Commands.

We the Pastime of the Rabble,  
Strange Result of all our Squabble.

Accur's'd K—— may the Devil  
Take thee the Source of all our Evil;  
Thy Pride it was that rais'd the Strife,  
Which blasted all our Hopes in Life:  
Curs'd too be C—— and M——,  
They were our Guides and led us on;  
They blew the Coals and fed the Flame,  
And urg'd by Malice, push'd to Fame;  
Led us poor Souls to Shame and Ruin.  
The Nat'ons Loss, our own undoing.  
Oh! that the Game were yet to play,  
That Heav'n would grant another Day;  
The D—— should have them one and all,  
E're I would risque another Fall.  
Sad's my Woe to repent so late,  
But who could think of such a Fate?

Who could think! Why were you blind?  
Ev'n Birds and Beasts observe the Wind,

From whence it blows, perceive the Storm,  
And Shelter seek to keep them warm.

The Thunder rattl'd long and loud,  
Before it burst and broke the Cloud ;  
It rung in Peals about your Ears,  
But Pride don't own, or has no Fears.

You've guess'd the Cause, indeed its true ;  
We wonder now as well as you :

Forewarn'd we were, with Shame we own,  
But as Things stood, what cou'd be done ?  
Our Hero, dauntless seem'd, unaw'd,  
Flatter'd at home, huzza'd abroad ;

So high grown in Imag'nat'on,

He alone must rule the Nat'on :

They'd lay their Heads against a Crown,  
No rival Pow'r could pull him down.

I and more of the servile Crew

His Strength or Councils never knew :

Our Words our Actions by his Nod

Directed were : He was our God

We walk'd by Faith and not by Sight,

Concluded always he was right :

Secure, whate'er might be his Ends,

He would contrive to save his Friends :

Besides so link'd to one another,

We all must stand or fall together ;

This Prelim'nary fix'd by C——r,

*\* Who to Hell would dye a \* Martin.*

Interest call'd to break the Chain,

But Honour ty'd it fast again ;

Honour ! A Surgeon good for nought,

Like him of Cork, not worth a Groat,

May turn you out, if you are in,

But cannot hail a broken Shin :

We all had Qualms in cool Retreat,

When sober pensive and sedate ;

But

\* To fill up this Chasm, the Reader may consult *Swift's Legion Club*.

But hourly watch'd and strongly ply'd,  
 How could we swim against the Tide.  
 By brisk Carousals ev'ry Night,  
 Our Fears were hush'd, and we kept tight ;  
 When I or *B*— would hint a Fear, *Bell Boy*  
*M*— would laugh, and *C*— leer : *Malone & Carter*  
 Full Bumpers then went quickly round,  
 And all our Cares in Claret drown'd :  
 The Orator did so harangue,  
 So sooth in soft and winning Twang ;  
 His Honey Words, we all did lick up,  
 They never gorg'd : Yet rais'd a Hic-up ;  
 And Flatulence within would brew,  
 As sweetest Things are wont to do :  
 For over Night, tho' lull'd to Quiet,  
 Next Day more dispos'd to riot,  
 Ever found us : which made the Case,  
 More dang'rous than before it was.  
 Thence fur'ous grew and mad by Fits,  
 By being frightened out o' Wits :  
 The val'rous *K*—t with sundry Bruises, *Knight Spirit*  
 To raise our Spirits and Recruits, *Cox*  
 For he set up for an Adviser,  
 And weekly puff'd in *Advertiser* :  
 Tho' for Shifting fam'd, and peering,  
 Well vers'd was in Parl'menteering :  
 Would swear he had you now trepan'd,  
 If you escap'd, might he be damn'd ;  
 In Politicks you were no Matches,  
 Let him alone for Tricks and Catches :  
 These blundering Dogs, by *G*— he'd cry,  
 They will knock under by and bye.  
 We oft did wonder by what Fate,  
*R*—r and he were grown so great ; *Rogers*  
 In Times remember'd cordial Foes,  
 How Friends became, *G*— only knows.  
 However hence arose Suspic'on,  
 That soon might break this Coalit'on :

What-

Whate'er grave Moralists may write,  
 Passions ne'er die, tho' out of Sight,  
 The Turn serv'd that rein'd them in,  
 They soon break out, and burn again.

But not to dwell upon this Thesis,  
 Foisted in by Parenthesis.

*agile* That Puppy too vile Jack-pudding  
 (Could I give the Dog a Drubbing)  
 Would clap his Sides, and frisk and crow,  
 His Monkey Tricks so oddly shew ;  
 So bounce and brag, and lye and fawn,  
 Abuse and curse the Man in Lawn,  
 That wiser Heads perhaps had been,  
 Deluded in the wond'rous Scene :  
 For when the Wisest lose their Senses,  
 Fast follow then Intelligences :  
 The Point not clear or past Dispute,  
 How much a Man excells a Brute ;  
 Where Intellect holds its Abode,  
 Or be distinct from Flesh and Blood,  
 This Strife of Words I gladly wave,  
 To Men of Parts and Leisure leave.  
 The Subject we are now upon,  
 Of Import greater, is to *Conn.*

But in this wond'rous Scene pray say,  
 So long protracted Day by Day ;  
 Did Consc'ence never once demur,  
 No Thought of Duty e'er occur ?  
 What to your King or Country ow'd,  
 What to your Neighbour and your G— ?  
 What if your Sov'reign might resent,  
 How if incens'd, he might relent :  
 Much Pains were taken to defy,  
 How did you think to pacify ?  
 Was *B*—, *K*—, *M*— or *C*— Boyle & Malone ?  
Hildares or Carter ?  
 Of such Worth, to make you barter  
 Your Prince's Favour, and disgust  
 The Man you only ought to trust ?

The

( 7 )

The Man of Virtue known and prov'd,  
The Nat'ons Friend, and well-belov'd?

For Liberty and publick Good,  
They were Terms aptly understood,  
Bandied and toss'd about in Sport,  
To raise a Cry against the Court:  
The greatest Fools among you knew,  
That diff'rent Matters were in View:  
The Drift of all no Secret was

" To hold the Sceptre, and give Laws."

To bully the Parson, shut out Nim, <sup>Private</sup> P. Bessborough  
And Pistols Wings to pare and trim: - - - <sup>George</sup> Sackville  
This was the Prize for which they fought;  
Which had they won, was dearly bought;  
At such Expence of Reputation,  
Of Trade and Credit to the Nat'on,  
Of Virtue, Truth, each dear Regard,  
*They've got at last their just Reward.*

The Scene thus clos'd, pray count the Cost,  
And frankly own what you have lost.  
Lost! my All! As I'm a Sinner,  
I have not left to buy a Dinner.

And what have H\_\_\_\_\_, T\_\_\_\_\_, and B\_\_\_\_\_? <sup>Harry</sup>  
More than I can or care to tell:  
Full half of what they all had clear,  
Above Five Thousand Pounds a Year.

What Recompence to make Amends,  
What in Lieu for themselves or Friends?  
A Name! A Word! that soon must die,  
And into Smoke and Vapour fly.

And how much C\_\_\_\_\_, C\_\_\_\_\_, and G\_\_\_\_\_? <sup>Clement</sup> Cox, and Gore-  
Compute about Four Thousand more:  
How much still stands out at Venture?  
For that they hope for a Debenture:  
But how the Matter may turn out,  
Wich most I find is still a Doubt;  
They promise fair, and sue for Grace,  
To be good Boys, if kept in Place.

How had the Nat' on think you far'd,  
 Who thought of that, or ever car'd,  
 That was all Pretence and Faddle,  
 The Question was, about the Saddle,  
 Who should mount, and hold the Rein,  
 And ride triumphant on the Plain.

What had you got, say you had won ?  
 We had kept our Posts, not been undone :  
 No more ! So much you might have had,  
 Without the Pains of running mad.  
 By strongest Sense by Feeling taught,  
 Convinc'd, abash'd, I own my Fault :  
 Idly I wander'd in the Maze,  
 My dazzl'd Sight in glit'ring Rays,  
 I lost, and perish'd in the Blaze.

Indulgent Dorset lend an Ear,  
 To this my honest, humble Pray'r ;  
 Repentant, low I bend my Knee,  
 And hope for Pardon still from Thee,  
 My wanton Folly I deplore,  
 And promise now to sin no more :  
 Receive me with thy wanted Grace,  
 Restore me to my former Place,  
 Or if that is past Redempt'on,  
 There is my Lord, a Way by P—n. Ponson  
 The Mist remov'd, that bar'd my Sight,  
 Thy Virtues shine in stronger Light.  
 I see and own the Copy fair,  
 Just what in Thirty One they were ;  
 Only by Age have Strength acquir'd,  
 And made you all our Souls desir'd.  
 Our present Joy, our Hope of Bliss,  
 Our Wishes all sum'd up in this,  
 Long to enjoy your Sov'reign's Smile,  
 And soon return to bless our Isle.

